

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXVII, }

AUGUST, 1875.

{ NEW SERIES.  
VOL. IV. No. 8.



THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

## A SERMONETTE.

*Written for a Sunday-school Concert, Ware.*

BY GIRLS,—OLD AND YOUNG.

NOT many years ago, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and some other English writers of fiction, sometimes joined hands and pens to produce a story for their readers. And in our country and time, such writers as our own Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Stowe, Miss Lucretia Hale, Mrs. Whitney, and others have formed a partnership, each contributing their chapter of the story called "Six of One by Half a Dozen of the Other," which story has been called a *Novelette*.

Such distinguished examples have suggested to us the possibility of a similar partnership in writing a lay sermon for our Sunday-school Concert—in the way of variety—which, as we do not propose its claiming the dignity of a sermon, we will call a *Sermonette*. Our subject is

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our text may be found in Zech. viii. 5: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Our subject is an old-fashioned one.

Now-a-days boys and girls are very scarce.

We have *children*, and we have *young ladies* and *young gentlemen*; but the race of boys and girls seems nearly extinct. Now-a-days, as soon as girls are in their teens, they are dubbed *Miss*; and boys are called *Mr.* altogether too young. We like the good old fashion of calling them boys and girls. Children grow old too fast in this nineteenth century. That they do is quite as much the fault of their elders as of themselves. If they could be regarded as boys and girls a few years between childhood and maturity, it would go far to help preserve that naturalness and youthful simplicity

which is so much more attractive than the unripe affectations of maturity.

But it is not the boys and girls of to-day that we intended to discuss, but those of olden time,—of the days when Zechariah prophesied of them.

Jerusalem, that ancient and beautiful city, had been destroyed, and great numbers of the Jews were carried captives into another country,—to Babylon. Zechariah prophesies the restoration of their beloved city, and pictures the scenes they shall behold in that longed-for day when the homesick captives shall return—"And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

If in the streets of Jerusalem, so many thousand years ago, such a homelike and familiar sight could have been seen, let us look in other records of those times to find if boys and girls were worthy of notice. We read in the Old Testament, that while the Israelites were suffering long and heavy oppressions, there was born in Egypt the boy Moses, who was appointed to be the deliverer of his nation.

The circumstances of his infancy are interesting and well known.

The King of Egypt issued an edict to destroy all the male children of the Hebrews. The affection of Moses' parents for their boy, who was uncommonly beautiful, induced them to hazard every thing to preserve their child's life. They hid him three months, but, finding they could keep him secret no longer, set him afloat on the river Nile in a little vessel of bulrushes. The king's daughter, going down to the river to bathe, discovered the strange little craft,—commanded it to be brought to her,—and, being struck with the beauty of the child, adopted it as her own. So the little waif of the river was taken to the king's court, and brought up among the Egyptians; but



when he became a man, and saw the sufferings of his own people, the Hebrews, his heart went out to them in pity, and he left his luxurious home, in the king's court, to be the deliverer of his oppressed nation.

We find another boy, Joseph, whose history is interesting, as one of the youngest and well-beloved of Jacob's large family of boys. One of the earliest things related of Joseph is his wonderful power of interpreting dreams, which excited the rebuke of his father and the jealousy of his brothers. They thought their father was partial to Joseph, because he once gave him a handsome coat, while he was a boy. So, when Joseph was seventeen years old, some of his brothers were so envious of him that they determined to get rid of him, if they could. One day his father sent him out to his brothers, who were tending the flocks, far away from home, to see if they were all well. They received him unkindly, and resolved to dispose of him in some way. So they threw him into an old well that had no water in it.

But soon after, a company of merchants on their way to Egypt came along; and the brothers took Joseph out of the well, and sold him for a slave to them. And Joseph, taken to Egypt, grew up into manhood, and many years after became the benefactor of these same wicked brothers of his, saving them from famine, and his aged father too.

Next of the boys of the Old Testament we come to Samuel, whose mother consecrated him in early childhood to the church. It is touching to read how his mother led her boy to the house of the Lord, and left him with Eli, the priest, to be brought up in the service of the church, — a choice offering to the Lord, — a mother's only son, — how she made him a little coat every year, and brought it to him, when she made him her yearly visit.

He is called the holy child, Samuel, because his boyhood was pure and blameless.

He became one of the judges of Israel, and in his old age anointed Saul, the first King of Israel.

This brings us to the boy kings of Israel or Judea. Although David was not made a king in his boyhood, yet there are some accounts given of his early life which are full of interest, — of his life as a shepherd boy, of his skill with that favorite weapon of boyhood, the sling, and later of his being called to play on the harp to soothe the mind of the unhappy King Saul, who was, now and then, afflicted with a melancholy insanity. The charm of David's music cured Saul's insanity.

We find five boy kings of Judea. Azariah was made a king when he was sixteen years old; and we read that he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord. Manasseh was twelve years old when he began to reign; but *he* did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord. Josiah was only eight years old when he began to reign. He was a good king, and turned not aside to the right or to the left.

Jehoiachim was eighteen years old, but he reigned in Jerusalem only three months. Jehoash was only *seven* years old when he was made King of Judea. His story is too interesting to pass by unnoticed. His father, King Ahaziah, died when he was about a year old. His grandmother, who wished to rule the kingdom herself, caused all his brothers to be killed. But the aunt of the baby-boy, Jehoash, stole him away from the rest of the brothers, and hid him, with his nurse, first in a bed-chamber, and afterwards in the temple or house of the Lord, where he was hid six years, while his grandmother reigned over the land.

When Jehoash was seven years old, the priest of the temple called the rulers together, and commanded them to guard the gates of the city and the temple.

Hé then took the king's son, and put the crown on his head, and placed him by a pillar, as was the custom. When the people saw him, they all clapped their hands and shouted, "God save the king!"

His grandmother, hearing the noise, came into the temple; and when she saw the little king, and heard the rejoicings of the people, she cried, "Treason, treason!"

But the priest ordered her to be taken out of the temple, and she was slain. Thus, Jehoash was made a king at seven years of age.

We find an interesting story in the Book of Kings about a little boy, the son of a Shunammite woman, who went out to the field one morning, where his father was reaping, and was sunstruck, and cried out to his father, "My head! my head!"

His father told a lad to carry him home to his mother. The mother sat all the morning with her little boy on her lap till noon, when he died. Then she sent to the field for her husband, and sent also to the prophet Elisha, who had a room in their house. We read that when Elisha came he prayed over the child, warmed it with his hands, and breathed life into it, and restored it to its grateful mother.

We have mentioned most of the boys of whom we read in the Old Testament. In searching for records of girls, we are reminded of the passage in the Bible, Adam first, then Eve, and conclude the *young Adams* must have been considered of more importance than the *young Eves* in those days, if they are *not* now, for we find very few girls spoken of in the Old Testament. But the meagre accounts we do find seem to indicate some traits peculiar to the girls of olden time, for although some of the boys were *unruly*, as many of more modern times, yet there are no accounts of girls who behaved badly, unless there *possibly* might

have been some girls in that crowd of *saucy* children who insulted the good prophet Elisha, because of his bald head; but we think it much more probable they were all boys. We can only find records of girls who did some good thing for those around them. There was Miriam, the sister of Moses, who stood a little way off, watching the fate of her baby brother, and by her own efforts procuring for her mother the situation of a nurse for the child. Thus indirectly Miriam was a benefactor to the whole Hebrew nation, and an example to us of the faithful and watchful love of an elder sister. There was the little Israelitish maid, a captive of unknown name, who was the means of benefiting Naaman, [the husband of her mistress, by sending him to a prophet of her own country to be cured of the leprosy. And lastly we find a heroine, the daughter of Jephthah, whose father, going to battle, made a vow that if the Lord would aid him to conquer, he would sacrifice, as an offering, whatever should first come to meet him on his return home.

He was met by his beloved daughter, who, learning her father's vow, willingly sacrificed her life. As Tennyson says, in his "Dream of Fair Women":—

Of her that died

To save her father's vow;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,

A maiden pure; as when she went along

From Mizpeh's towered gate with welcome light,

With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes

With that wild oath." She rendered answer high

"Not so, nor once alone; a thousand times

I would be born, and die.

"My God, my land, my father,—these did move

Me from my bliss of life, that nature gave,

Lowered softly with a threefold cord of love

Down to a silent grave.



How beautiful a thing it was to die  
 For God and for my sin!  
 It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,  
 That I subdued me to my father's will;  
 Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,  
 Sweetens the spirit still."

The Old Testament abounds in stories of life in those days,—picturing for us the faults as well as the virtues of humanity. But in the New Testament little can be found pertaining to our subject. We read of the raising of Jairus's daughter from the dead, and of the son of the Widow of Nain. But the New Testament is precious to us, above all books, for its records of the life and teachings of the perfect Son of man—and well-beloved Son of God—Christ Jesus. Of his childhood we know but little. In his infancy, he was carried away into Egypt to hide him from the blood-thirsty Herod.

Of his boyhood we read that at the age of twelve years he went to Jerusalem, and talked with learned men in the temple, so that all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers. Yet he went home with his parents, and "was subject unto them." What a lesson for the boys of to-day,—that even Jesus, the Teacher of all Christian nations, was subject unto his parents, and obedient to them when a boy!

And we know that he loved children, for he took them in his arms, and blessed them; and, as he declared that "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," we know that the streets of that heavenly city—the new Jerusalem—shall be full of boys and girls.

#### A B C OF NATURAL HISTORY.

##### *A Second Rhymed Sermon.*

CHILDREN, not long since I sent you,  
 From the hills, a rhyming letter;  
 Call it sermon or epistle,—  
*Gossip* would describe it better.  
 'Twas a kind of Grannie's gabble

Of the ants, their works and ways;  
 Who, although they seem a rabble,  
 And their movements all a maze,  
 By the same wise hand are guided  
 That gives us our daily bread;  
 With their mountain-homes provided,  
 And along life's labyrinth led.  
 Though the ants are small in stature,  
 Heads like pin-heads,—needle-eyes,—  
 He made them who made all Nature,  
 And with stars has gemmed the skies.  
 And for all He made He careth,—  
 Nothing in His eyes is small;  
 All that lives His bounty shareth;  
 He the Father is of all.  
 All are pygmies—all are giants;  
 Be he mammoth—be-he-moth—  
 God is each one's sole reliance;  
 Elephant and emmet both  
 Look to Him to guide and feed them,  
 In the night and in the day;  
 Through their several jungles lead them,  
 In each rough and thorny way.

Children, in our Natural History,  
 Ant begins the A B C;  
 We have pondered that first mystery;  
 What shall our next study be?  
 Shall we make the bee our second,  
 Beetle, bird, or butterfly?  
 None more wise than bees are reckoned  
 In the earth or sea or sky.

Bees go singing to their labors,  
 Songs of ants we cannot hear;  
 "But, perhaps you could, dear neighbors,  
 If you had a finer ear."  
 Stars in heaven, at midnight glistening,  
 Sing not in these latter years;  
 But of old some wise men, listening,  
 Heard the music of the spheres.  
 Some sweet sounds escape our senses,  
 They're so near and fine and soft;  
 Or, their distance so immense is,  
 They are lost in space aloft.  
 There's a *silent music* also  
 On the earth and in the sky;  
 Music of the heart we call so,  
 When it beats in harmony  
 With the roll of hill and ocean,  
 With the sea-wave's curl of grace,

Nature's every line and motion,  
And the glow that lights her face.

But my sermon, song, or story  
Threatens to become a chant;

I must leave this field of glory  
And go back to bee and ant.

When, with us, a mister-builder  
Plans to build a house or shop,  
Much it would his wits bewilder  
To begin it at the top!

Yet this is just what the bees do;  
At the ceiling they begin;

But they seem to work with ease, too,  
As you'll see by looking in.

And, when housewives pour out honey,  
On its base they place the cup;

But the bees (is it not funny?)  
Fill their vessels bottom up.

You have often heard how nicely  
Bees contrive their cells of wax;

Each one has six sides precisely;

And they fill them from their sacks.  
Now, when summer suns are boiling,

Each flies homeward to his cell;  
There you see them toiling, moiling,

Laboring hard to store it well.

And sometimes, perhaps not often,  
Clogged with honey, head and thigh,

In his cell—as in a coffin—

Dead, embalmed you see one lie.

Ants and bees both love to labor,

All day long brisk business drive;

With a will each helps his neighbor

In the hill or in the hive.]

Honey-drops from flowers the bees draw;

Pungent drops of bitter myrrh!

Ants, they say, from bark of trees draw;

Children mostly sweets prefer.

Yet sometimes, 'tis true, the bitter,

Children of all ages find,

As a medicine, is fitter,

Both for body and for mind.

Both these insects are erratic

Both domestic,—ant and bee;

But the ants are democratic;

And the bees a monarch.

In both states good order reigneth;

With the ants fierce wars are known,

And their blood the green grass staineth;

Drones are found in hives alone. (?)

Lazy children think 'twere jolly

Nought to do but munch things sweet;

One day they may learn their folly;

"He who works not, shall not eat."

Butterflies the bees resemble

In one thing; in summer-hours,

With their wings all in a tremble

See them hovering round the flowers.

But the bee, the big brown fellow,

Dives deep down for the sweet juices,

And comes out with legs all yellow,

Bringing stores for pleasant uses.

But, before your ears grow weary,

This my moral pass not by;

How to make the day pass cheery,

Learn of bee and butterfly.

Learn of one to taste pure pleasure

From each moment flitting past;

Like the other, lay up treasure

Sweet and solid for the last.

C. T. B.

## THE USES OF HANDS.

DR. WATTS, the sacred song-writer, says:

"But, children, you should never let

Your angry passions rise;

Your *little hands* were never made

To tear each other's eyes."

Good advice! but we trust not required by any of our young readers. But there may be some who think their hands were given them only for their own use; so we will try to show them "a more excellent way" by repeating the following story:—

Minnie was only a little girl, so of course she had only small hands; but she was very fond of putting other people's gloves upon them, especially those of grown-up people whose hands were twice as large as her own. On one occasion she had borrowed her uncle's gloves for the purpose, and was running about quite delightedly, asking everybody she met to shake hands with her.

"Good morning, uncle. Shake hands, if



you please," she said, holding out his own large leather glove.

He looked at it with a smile of amusement on his face.

"I don't see any hand to shake," he said.

"I see a large glove, but your little hand is quite lost in it. What a ridiculous hand it is! It is of no use at all in the world; not able to do a single thing!"

Hearing these disparaging words, Minnie withdrew her hand from its hiding-place, and looked at it. She did not like to hear it spoken of so lightly.

"I cannot help the size of my hands, uncle," she said.

"No, of course not; they are the largest you have, I know."

"And I should not like to lose them, for they are of some use to me."

"I dare say they are. Without hands you would be puzzled to do half the mischief you do."

"But they do other things that are not mischievous."

"Indeed! I should like to know about them."

"I can put a puzzle together with my hands."

"Really!"

"And I can write copies and exercises, and even letters, too."

"Any thing else?"

"I can dust the books for mamma, and hem pocket-handkerchiefs for papa, and sew the buttons on Willie's coat, and — and — I cannot think of any thing more, excepting that I can make many of my own doll's clothes."

"Very good. You must be quite a wonderful little girl, Minnie, to be so clever and industrious!"

But Minnie felt as if her uncle were only laughing at her, and she would rather not have been praised.

"I think even little hands can be very useful," she said; almost inclined to cry, because she feared her uncle thought slightly of her.

But he soon comforted her.

"My dear child," he replied, putting his arm around her, and kissing her, "I know very well how much good little hands may do in the world, and I hope that yours will be engaged in many kind deeds. Shall I tell you some of the good things yours may do? They can minister to the sick. I once knew a young lady whose hands were blessings to many. I don't know whether they did much fancy-work, but they made many a basin of arrowroot and many a light pudding, to tempt the failing appetites of weak persons. They were laid tenderly on many an aching head, stealing the pain away and coaxing slumber. They shook up the hard pillow, and smoothed the bed, until there seemed almost a power of healing in them. I have seen poor tired creatures brighten up at the very sight of the owner of those hands: they were only little ones, but they did more good than many large ones do."

"I should like to be like that lady," said Minnie.

"And I will tell you about another who had very little thin hands, but it was surprising what an amount of work they did. They were never idle. Frequently they turned over the leaves of the Bible, while she read the blessed words and learned them, that she might repeat them to other people. Very often, I know, they were clasped in prayer, for this lady wished to spend all her life in doing good; and she knew that she must first learn of Jesus in order to be like him. She had almost always some good work in her hands. I cannot tell you how many warm petticoats and dresses she made for poor women. And she knitted some

hundreds of woollen shoes for little children whose feet were very apt to get cold."

"I should like to be like that lady, too," said Minnie. "I hope I shall do good with my hands."

"I hope you will, my dear child. I trust, however small they may be, that they will be true and strong, that they will always cling to what is good, and not so much as touch that which is evil."

Churchman's Penny Magazine.

### THE LITTLE FOXES WHICH SPOIL THE VINES.

ONE little fox is "By-and-by." If you hunt him, you come to his hole — Never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him a plucky little thing, "I Can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines and hindered the growth of more fruit than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slips through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught.

Fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done!

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

Selected.

### THE DEWDROP.

I WENT out one morning early to see the dewdrops. There was one on every blade of grass. I stooped down and looked at them, and the grass said, "Are you come out to see me?"

"No; to see the dewdrops."

A little sparkling drop shook himself up. "What?" said he — "what was that?"

"Come out to see you, beautiful dewdrop," I said.

"What for?"

"I love to see the blue sky reflected in your bosom."

"That is because I am pure," said the dewdrop; "heaven is always reflected in a pure bosom. You cannot see heaven in the bosom of muddy water, nor in the heart of a wicked child. Tell the children who love Jesus to be pure, even as he is pure."

I picked up the blade of grass to look closer at it. Just then the sun began to rise, and the dewdrop changed from blue heaven-color to glowing sunlight. It shone like a little sun as I held it, and looked lovelier than ever.

"Beautiful!" I said.

The little drop smiles. "The day is breaking, and the good sun is changing me into the likeness of himself. Tell your little Christians that when Jesus shall appear they shall be like him. But the day is breaking. — the sun is drawing me, — I'm going, going."

"Don't go yet," I said; "stay and talk to me."

"He is sending down his long sunbeam fingers. I feel them drawing me, — I'm going."

"Stay, little dewdrop," I said; "stay and talk with me."

"Only in the night I live on earth, and when the day breaks I flee away to heaven on the beams of light. Christians are the dewdrops of Jesus. They, too, stay on the earth while the night lasts; and when heaven's day breaks and the shadows flee away, Jesus will draw up his dewdrops to himself. I'm going to the calm heaven, — up to the glorious sun."

It grew brighter, and heavenlier, and smaller. I looked, and looked, till I looked in vain. The dewdrop was gone!

The Children's Paper.





### SEEING THE DEER.

I WONDER what mother-deer thinks of the two little folks she sees looking over the fence. She is not afraid of them, but she wants to tell them they must be very careful and not scare her babies.

As for the baby-deer themselves, they do not see the little folks, and have no thought of any danger. It is enough for them to be close to their mother.

But if they should turn round, and see the two happy faces above

the gate-top, they would not be frightened. The most timid deer in the world would know that children with such faces would do them no harm.

Georgie climbs up and leans on the gate as if not a bit afraid. But Susie is a little timid, and only dares to stretch up and look over the post. She cannot see the babies. Soon she will be as brave as Georgie, she wants to see the baby-deer so very much.

## PUSSY'S ACCIDENT.

"Ding dong, bell ;  
Pussy's in the well."

No, it was not the well ; it was the cistern that pussy was in. What pussy was it ? The very pussy that had the two little kittens whose grandma was so good to them. But the little kitties did not know about it. They had left the maternal home to seek their fortunes ; and were so taken up with their new friends, that they had forgotten all about their mother and grandmother. Naughty little kitties ! to forget so soon.

"Who put her in ?"

No, it was not "Johnny Green." Johnny was not anywhere about. Besides, Johnny has grown a good boy, and does not put pussies in the well now. No one put pussy in. She was careless, and fell in. This is the way it came about. Pussy saw a great hole in the ground. She said to herself, "I can get a big rat in there." So in she ran ; and then there was a fall, and a splash ! For the hole led right into the cistern !

Poor pussy ! She was never so fright-en-ed in her life. Where was she, and what did it all mean ? She could not tell. But she saw something sticking up out of the water, that was built for a filter. She got

on that ; and then she began to cry. What a noise she did make ! The family went out in the yard to see what was the matter. They heard the cries more and more ; but where *was* pussy ? They could not find her, look where they would. At last, they lifted up the cistern cover, and then the cries came out so loud, they knew she was in the cistern.

When pussy saw the light come in, and somebody looking into the cistern, she stopped crying. O, how glad she was to see that face up there ! It looked just as if it was coming out of the blue sky. Pussy never had heard about angels ; so, of course, she didn't think about them.

"Who pulled her out ?"

No, it was not "great Jack Stout." Jack would have done it, had he been there. Jack is a noble fellow, and is always ready to lend a helping hand. Never a pussy looked to him in vain for help. But the face that pussy saw up there was not a boy's face. It was that of her young mistress ; and the moment pussy saw it, she knew she was sure to be taken out of that dark place.

Quickly, a wooden spout was put down where pussy could reach it. She climbed up a little ways, and her claws slipped, and back she



went. She tried again, and got up a little higher; and then the young lady's arm stretched way down, and the first thing pussy knew, she was on the green grass.

How pussy did look! Her soft fur was sticking closely to her, and she hardly knew what to do with herself. But her eyes looked her thanks for being pulled out of that dreadful water. Then, by and by, her mother came and licked her all over and over for hours, till she got her fur all nice again.

But pussy caught cold, and was sick for a few days. She is well now, and is never so happy as when close to the sweet young lady who saved her life.

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### THE BIRTH-DAY GIFT.

EMMA is eight years old. To help make her birth-day a happy one, her aunt sent her a fine book. It is full of pictures of animals, and little stories about them. She and her sister Eva have been looking at the pictures a full hour, and there are more for them to see yet. They are in no hurry, and do not keep turning over the leaves to see what is to come; but find out all they can about each picture.

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THE worth of a thing is best known by the want of it.

### LITTLE MOMENTS.

LITTLE moments, how they fly,  
Golden-winged, flitting by,  
Bearing many things for me  
Into vast eternity!

Never do they wait or ask,  
If completed is my task;  
Whether gathering grain or weeds,  
Doing good or evil deeds:  
Onward haste they evermore,  
Adding all unto their store!

And the little moments keep  
Record, if we wake or sleep,  
Of our every thought and deed,  
For us all some time to read.

Artists are the moments, too,  
Ever painting something new, —  
On the walls and in the air,  
Painting pictures everywhere!

If we smile or if we frown,  
Little moments put it down,  
And the Angel Memory  
Guards the whole eternally.

Let us then so careful be,  
That they bear for you and me,  
On their little noiseless wings,  
Only good and pleasant things;

And that pictures which they paint  
Have no background of complaint:  
So the Angel Memory  
May not blush for you and me!

The Prize.

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### MIDGE'S RIDE.

It was a hot, dusty morning in midsummer. Biddy sat upon the curb-stone by the old town pump, and what do you think she was doing? Bathing baby Midge with a bit of soft white muslin she had found clinging to the handle of the pump as she came up to it.

"There, now, ye titsy-bitsy darlin', ye wee beautiful childe; ye'll be white as a

snowdrap, and swate as a honeysuckle, and I'm goin' to eat ye clean up when I git through, so I be, so I be, so I be-e-e-e!"

And Biddy's voice went off into a jubilant little trill, in which Midge joined with all her baby powers.

"When you get baby washed, if you'll let me, I'll take her to ride," said a sweet childish voice from the sidewalk.

Biddy looked up, and saw a beautiful little girl with a carriage fit for a fairy queen and all court attendants.

"Oh, mercy! ye wouldn't take the likes o' Midge Malone to ride in that fine kerridge now, would ye?" exclaimed Biddy, with mouth and eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Why not? I'd like to if you'll let me."

There was a wistful look in the little girl's face which Biddy couldn't understand at all. She looked at the fairy chariot, with its snowy pillow-cushions and its dainty curtains of the softest lace, which were carefully closed as if to shelter the face of some dainty sleeper. Then Biddy looked at ragged Midge, and lastly at the beautiful little girl, repeating the incredulous question: "Ye wouldn't now, honest, do sich a lovely curis thing?"

"See if I wouldn't," returned the little girl, smiling at Biddy's doubtfulness.

Biddy fell to kissing Midge ecstatically, and then sprang with an exclamation of delight to where the little stranger stood upon the sidewalk.

"But what'll ye do with yer own baby? There won't be room for two in the likes o' that tit-bit of a kerridge," Biddy asked, drawing suddenly back.

"There isn't any baby there," the little girl said mournfully; and she parted the curtains and disclosed an empty carriage.

Biddy gazed into it a moment silently, and then asked wonderingly: —

"Where is it? Ter home?"

"Yes — at home — in heaven," replied the little girl in a trembling voice.

"Ye don't say! I'm sorry for ye." Biddy's voice grew soft with sympathy. "What fer ye haul the empty kerridge round?"

"Mamma lets me because it comforts me. I close the curtains, and it seems as if Angel were really there; and sometimes I find some other baby" — the little girl finished the sentence with a sob, while big round tears fell fast from Biddy's eyes upon the soft white hands of the child that were laying Midge down tenderly among the cushions, — as tenderly as if it were Angel herself, instead of little ragged Midge.

The curtains were drawn, and whether the baby passenger was Angel or Midge 'twas all the same to the passers-by; and I'm sure 'twas all the same to the gentle watchers up where Angel had gone.

Why should we wonder if Biddy, with her bare brown feet, did walk beside the beautiful child through all that summer morning? Were they not sister spirits in innocence and love? The birds that flitted through the shadows above their heads were glad because of it, and Biddy was happy, while little Midge slept sweetly, and the beautiful child fancied Angel had come back to her again.

Selected.

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"Thy fair example may we trace  
To teach us what we ought to be;  
Make us by thy transforming grace,  
Dear Saviour, daily more like Thee!"

WHEN one has climbed the *lf*,  
But is another *cliff*.

"NOT what we get, but what we give,  
Makes up our treasure while we live!"

"MAKE us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe."





THE SUMMER SHOWER.

## TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?

A LITTLE boy had sought the pump  
 From whence the sparkling water burst,  
 And drank with eager joy the draught  
 That kindly quenched his painful thirst;  
 Then grateful spoke, and touched his cap:  
 "I thank you, Mr. Pump," he said,  
 "For this nice drink you've given me!"  
 This little boy had been well bred.

Then said the pump: "My little man,  
 You're welcome to what I have done;  
 But I am not the one to thank,  
 I only made the water run."  
 "Oh, then," the little fellow said, —  
 Polite he always meant to be, —  
 "Cold Water, please accept my thanks,  
 You have been very kind to me."

"Ah!" said Cold Water, "don't thank me;  
 Far up the hillside lives the Spring  
 That sends me forth with generous hand  
 To gladden every living thing."  
 "I'll thank the Spring, then," said the boy;  
 And gracefully he bowed his head.  
 "Oh, don't thank me, my little man,"  
 The Spring, with silvery accents, said.

"Oh, don't thank me; for what am I  
 Without the dew and summer rain?  
 Without their aid I ne'er could quench  
 Your thirst, my little boy, again."  
 "Oh, well, then," said the little boy,  
 "I'll gladly thank the Rain and Dew."  
 "Pray, don't thank us: without the Sun  
 We could not fill one cup for you."

"Then, Mr. Sun, ten thousand thanks  
 For all that you have done for me."  
 "Stop!" said the Sun, "with blushing face,  
 "My little fellow, don't thank me;  
 'Twas from the Ocean's mighty stores  
 I drew the draught I gave to thee."  
 "O Ocean, thanks!" then said the boy;  
 It echoed back, "Not unto me."

"Not unto me, but unto Him  
 Who formed the depths in which I lie;  
 Go, give thy thanks, my little boy,  
 To Him who will thy wants supply."

The boy took off his cap, and said,  
 In tones all gentle and subdued,  
 "O God, I thank Thee for this gift,  
 Thou art the Giver of all Good."

Selected.

## A DREAM.

WHEN I am awake, my soul looks out,  
 through my senses, on this visible world of  
 green grass and blue sky, as a little child  
 looks out through an open window. But  
 there is another inner world, invisible to the  
 senses; and when eyes and ears are closed  
 in sleep, my soul visits this inner world, and  
 there sees and hears many beautiful things.  
 Sometimes I remember the things I see;  
 and when I remember them, they are called  
 dreams.

Once, in my sleep, I seemed to be in a  
 most beautiful place. There were little rills  
 of the clearest water, like fluid crystal in  
 silver channels. There was a mild golden  
 transparency in the light, and the soft shad-  
 ows of the foliage played gracefully with it  
 as they danced about over the verdant lawn.  
 Among this play of shadows and golden sun-  
 shine were groups of little children, with  
 happy eyes and shining hair.

I wanted to ask them what place this was,  
 where all things seemed so very beautiful;  
 but as I moved toward them they all began  
 to jump and sing, and their joyful voices  
 sounded like a chorus of silver bells. I said  
 to them, "Why are you so glad, little  
 ones?" They answered, "A good little  
 child is dying; and we rejoice because the  
 angels will bring her to live with us."

"How will she get here?" I asked. A  
 little one, who was caressing a dove on her  
 arm, looked up in my face and smiled, as  
 she pointed to an arch in the distance, covered  
 with evergreen vines. "The good  
 child will come through that arch," she re-  
 plied. "Those who live on the earth call it



'Death;' but we call it 'The Entrance into Life.'

"Is she afraid to come?" said I.

"She *was* afraid," they answered; "for a little while ago she could not see how bright and pleasant it is on this side of the arch. But now she sees us, and hears our happy voices, and she *wishes* to come to us. Her mother stands weeping by her bedside, and she wonders what makes her babe smile so sweetly; for the mother does not see us, or hear the angels singing; but the child does."

When I turned to watch for the little one coming from the outer world, she had already passed through the evergreen arch, and came bounding toward her bright companions. They ran to meet her, offering doves and flowers; and I heard a sound as of golden harps from above, and in harmony with the harps were many sweet voices singing, "The mortal child has become an angel."

Mrs. Child.

### HUMOROUS.

MISTRESS—"Let you go to evening school, Mary? Why, I thought you could read?" "Well, ma'am, I does know my letters fus rate so long's they keep all in a row, but just as soon as they gits mixed up into words, I'm beat."

Frankie (aged four)—"Mamma, a lady at school kissed me to-day." Mamma—"Did she, dear? I hope you kissed her back!" Frankie (indignantly)—"Kissed her back! No, I didn't; I kissed her cheek!"

A bright little boy just three years old was, like most little chaps of his age, sometimes refractory. In order to curb him and make him a good little boy, his mother often threatened him with a peach-tree "persuader." The little fellow came to understand any allusion to the peach-tree, and

usually subsided when it was spoken of. A few weeks ago, after the flowering of the fruit trees, a slight reference was made to this same tree, when the little fellow made peace for that day by looking up and saying, "Why, mamma, the switches are [covered with roses."

It is recorded that once upon a time a father and mother, with their only son, visited the establishment of a Chatham street dealer in "ready-made" with a view to the equipment of the son with an overcoat. The son was a spare little fellow, considerably under the average size of boys of his age. The dealer, having learned of the parents that their boy was about twelve years old, went to the pile of overcoats from which he usually supplied twelve-year old boys, and brought from it a coat which he proceeded to put on the juvenile customer. It hung on the youngster in awkward and ample folds. The parents objected, and insisted that the coat was too large. The dealer insisted that it was right. His reply has become historic. "Dere ish no trouble. De coat ish all right. De coat ish de broper size: but de poy, ah! de poy is too shmall."

### DOING ONE'S BEST.

A STATUARY, who was at work forming a figure out of a faulty block of marble, was called to account by a neighbor of his, who told him that it was absolutely impossible to make a perfect figure out of such imperfect materials. "All this is very true," replied the statuary; "but this block of marble, such as it is, was sent to me to be cut into a statue; and as I cannot make it better, I must content myself in forming the best figure out of it that I can."

"What a pity it is," said a grazier to a young farmer who had just entered on a lit-

the farm, "that that pasture of yours is so overrun with thistles!" "It is a pity," was the reply of the farmer, "but if I fret myself ever so much, it will not root the thistles out of the ground; so I will try whether labor and good management will not put it into better order."

A nurseryman about to plant a number of young saplings, some straight and some crooked, thus reasoned with himself:—"These straight saplings will no doubt grow up to be fine trees, without much attention on my part; but I will see if, by proper training, I cannot make something of the crooked ones also. There will be more trouble with them, no doubt, than with the others, but for that very reason I shall be the better satisfied should I succeed."

Early Days.

THERE is an anecdote told of a distinguished general of the Revolution that he one day overheard the remark of a grandson, that "he hoped to be middling honest." The old gentleman stopped, turned short upon the speaker, and broke out: "What is that I hear? *Middling* honest; let me never hear again such a word from your lips. *Strictly* honest is the only thing you ought ever to think of being."

TRUTH is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware. A lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation.

Addison.

## Puzzles.

19.

### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in gander, but not in goose;  
My second in deer, but not in moose;  
My third is in brook, but not in rill;  
My fourth is in quart, but not in gill;  
My fifth is in steam, but not in vapor;  
My sixth is in round, but not in taper;  
My seventh in princess, but not in king;  
My whole is a flower that comes in spring.

MAY.

20.

### SQUARE WORD.

A ruler. An object of heathen worship. A part of the face. A little valley.

N. E. K.

21.

### BEHEADED PUZZLE.

When I believe Sir Walter's —  
Then I shall own the best rule —  
But as I don't believe the —  
You see, I am not yet a —

C. T. B.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

16. — Love your enemies.  
17. — C ame O  
H amine R  
E rrat A  
R ave N  
R ustlin G  
Y ok E. — Cherry. Orange.  
18. — I cried: Can Peace be found, then, *nowhere*?  
A mocking echo answered, "*O where?*"  
I sighed: Some spirit, tell me *where*!  
A voice within me answered, *Here*!

## THE DAYSPRING,

(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE.)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

*Unitarian Sunday-School Society,*

(John Kneeland, Secretary)

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . . . 30 cents.  
Four copies to one address . . . \$1.00.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.